

An Apocalypse

Hark! the tramp of armed thousands pushing
conquest o'er the earth;
Look! o'er ocean, sea, and river gallantly the
ships go forth;
Roar of battle, surging louder, thunders far
tumultuously;
War's dread phantom rises ghastly, stretching
hands o'er land and sea.

Tell us, O thou Seer of Patmos, what shall be
the end of all,
When the nations meet in conflict, and earth's
thrones begin to fall, —
When the sun and moon are darkened, and the
stars from heaven are fled,
And the birds of prey are gathered for a banquet
o'er the dead?

Tell us — tell us (for thou knowest) what shall
in the end befall,
When the angel lifts the trumpet for the last
dread battle call?
Who shall live to tell the story, when the battle's
fiery breath
Shall have swept the trembling nations down the
precipice of death?

And methinks I see a people puissant and ready
rise
As from sleep to seize the sceptre of a world
which prostrate lies;
And above the wreck of ages, shattered kingdoms,
crumbled thrones,
Vict'ry shouts a song of triumph passing earth's
remotest zones.